THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1805. No. 24.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,*
"*To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;*
"*To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,*
"*Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;*
"*For this the Tragick Muse first trod the stage,*
"*Commanding tears to stream through every age.*" POPE.

Mr. Easy

IT has been said that *Shakspear* stands unrivalled in dramatick composition; not by that correct but frigid adherence to what may justly be called the subordinate parts of such composition, consisting in a rigid adherence to rules; but by that accurate knowledge of human nature, which from a strict imitation rouses to the utmost extent, what is the end of the Tragick drama, terror and pity.

Setting aside the Grecian models of this kind, it may justly be pronounced that the remark is true, with the exception, in my opinion, of one example of modern date, which realizes all that can be allowed to that great master. Notwithstanding the censure under which the German theatre has laboured, there is one production from the pen of *Schiller*, which has just claim to come into a competition with *Shakspear's* best pieces: This is the Tragedy of the ROBBERS; a play of avowed merit and reputation—The writer of this has felt its influence, and has endeavoured in the following observations to substantiate the parallel he has imagined, by an examination and developement of what he conceives to constitute its merits and excellence.

There is a species of favoritism in the conduct of parents towards their children which is by no means productive of salutary or pleasant consequences: That a father may, from penetrating accurately into the characters of two sons, be induced to prefer and love one more than the other, is no doubt common and unavoidable; but great prudence is requisite to prevent such peference being known, or perceived to such extent as may render an amiable and virtuous mind wretched; or stimulate a vicious one, from principles of hatred, jealousy and revenge, to the perpetration of acts of cruelty and horror. This appears to be the groundwork of the *Robbers*: and the strongest interest is created in the mind, by a faithful and accurate imitation of nature in the characters and actions of two brothers, diametrically opposed in their pursuits, tempers, and qualities of the heart. I will endeavour to trace these separately throughout the play, and trust it will be seen that in the delineation of both, *Schiller* has well exhibited his knowledge of the human mind, and is thoroughly acquainted with the art of interesting and commanding the passions of his readers. The character of *Charles de Moor* is unquestionably a natural one—possessed of all those generous and noble qualities, which elevate and command our love and admiration when matured by experience and age; his youthful years are marked by ebullitions and exuberances which occasion him often to overstep the bounds of prudence. History as well as common observation will furnish many instances of this noble character: A tame spirited creature, though ridgidly is but coldly correct in the performance of the duties of life; and this not always from a conviction of their necessity or propriety. You must not look to him for extraordinary acts of benevolence, heroism, or magnanimity; he has no capacity for any such exertion. *Moor* was a favorite from his youth; his generosity, openness, and manly qualities were the delight of all, gained him the affections of Amelia, and the love of his father, who considered him as the meritorious representative of his estate and honour.

Francis to a deformity of body, united a heart devoted to vice in every shape: He perceives the preference given to his brother, is conscious of his own unworthiness, and becomes desperate: He upbraids nature with the stamp she has personally fixed upon him, and threatens to be re-

venged upon her by a contempt of all moral restraint whatever. It will be easily recollected that *Shakspear* has precisely put the same chain of thoughts and reasonings into the mind of *Richard* from a similar cause: The soliloquies of these two are counterparts of each other, and indeed so are the characters in all the essential qualities, but that of courage. He contrives by a specious story to deceive the old man as to the character and actions of *Charles*, who is absent; and by artfully acting upon the progression of feeling, and passion in his mind, to gain his consent to a communication of disapprobation by the pen of *Francis*. Notwithstanding the great art exhibited in the whole of this interview, we shall take our leave of *Francis* for the present and contemplate *Charles* who has just received his letter; in which his father's malediction and renounciation are villainously declared by this wretch as all the portion and regard henceforth to be expected. *Moor* receives this letter in the society of a set of profligates, who had been his associates in arms; nay they were in fact worse than profligates, and I can see no possible reason why the author placed him in such company, was it not to elevate him in our eyes by the perpetual contrast in the first instance, and rendering them the daring and bloody instruments of his vengeance in the second.

The consciousness of his love and veneration for his father, the sincere contrition and appeal upon reformation to a parent's forgiveness for faults that were venial, must have encouraged the possessor of such generous and noble qualities, to have contemplated nothing else than a return of affection, accompanied with forgiveness and joy at a prodigal son's return, which he felt conscious he merited.

In proportion to such liberality of mind, and such sanguine hopes, must be the shock, and disappointment; and in proportion to the proximity of connection, and the sensibility of the heart to the most genuine and delightful feelings of our nature, must be the sensations of despair, and those harsh and misanthrophical emotions proceeding from a heart turned to gall. "I loved him" says he "with such unutterable affection: no son ever loved a fa-"ther so! I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for "him! ha! where is he that will put a sword in my hand "to extinguish this viperous race!" This is worthy of *Shakspear*, these are the true feelings of such a soul as *Moor's*; and this expression is not dissimilar or unequal to *Lear's* exclamation at the ingratitude of his daughters. Nature alone was resorted to by these great masters; for in both examples the genial current of the soul was frozen. In the midst of such heart-rending and distracting feelings, when every generous and benevolent propensity was checked; the proposition to become the *Captain* of a band of *Robbers*, is introduced with great art, and consummate skill, by *Schiller*. It exactly unites the mournful and dreadful purposes of *Moor's* soul: It was congenial; and he was impatient to give vent to his misanthropy. *Lear* says,

——"I will do such things—
"What they are, yet, I know not: but they shall be
"The terrors of the earth."——

And *Hamlet* exclaims,

"Now I could drink hot blood, and do
"Such bitter business as the day would
"Quake to look on."——

Moor's intentions are similar—"Man had no humani-"ty when I appealed to humanity! pity and compassion! "here let me throw you off forever! I have no father no af-"fection more! come death and murder be my masters! "and teach me to forget that this heart ever knew what "fondness was!

But the intentions and conduct of *Moor* assume a more terrible and awful aspect from the impression made upon his mind, that he was by a fatality appointed an instrument of vengeance for an offended Deity: It may possibly be looked upon as a species of madness to indulge such an infatuation. As the result of distorted faculties; it notwithstanding, has the effect of rendering his actions more dignified: there is something terrible in the idea of a human being, having the power and carrying into execution, the most shocking schemes; as if conformable to the intentions of the Divinity. Though this might have been the mode *Schiller* chose to adopt to soften the atrocities committed by *Moor* and the band though they were influenced by different motives; yet he does not seem to have considered it sufficient; for finally he represents him as suffering under the pangs of an upbraiding conscience and invoking his father's curse upon him for having been the associate of robbers and assassins.

Suicide, retirement from amongst men, and open acts of hostility against them, are natural consequences when the heart suffers that kind of disappointment and shock which deprives it of every generous and humane sentiment. It would appear derogatory to the noble nature of *Moor*, to be the daily perpetrator of deeds which would disgrace the needy plunderer, devoid of any sense of honour or honesty: The destruction of such numbers of innocent persons, from the infant to the aged, in the midst of the exulting exclamation of a band of hardened villains; excites too much horror in our minds to justify such atro-

cities under any pretext. It was a lamentable and terrible idea taken up by *Moor*. The melancholy *Jaques* of *Shakspear*, had cause sufficient to drive him from society to the wilds of a forest, but he vented his spleen in moralizing, in remarks, and satirical reflections upon his brother man. *Schiller* however, has succeeded tolerably well in surmounting this difficulty, in the conduct of *Charles:* he has represented him as being frequently the prey to the keenest remorse, and to lament feelingly his own degradation, and the unhappy consequences of his determined vengeance.

The most beautiful scene in the whole play is occasioned by these painful feelings, and interests us so forcibly, that we cannot forbear recognizing the generous and amiable *Moor*, and feeling the strongest sympathy for his wretched situation. After the battle with the Bohemian dragoons, a highly picturesque scene is represented upon the banks of the Danube. The robbers reclining on the heights above, and their horses grazing on the plains below. There is a wildness and grandeur in the association of this romantic scene, with the ferocious personages who occupy it, not exceeded by the sublime genius of a *Salvator Rosa*. *Moor* is represented laying on the ground exhausted with fatigue, and overcome with thirst ; to allay which one of the men had gone to procure some water.

GRIMM.

" Our wine cantines are empty long ago. How glori-
" ous, how majestic, yonder setting sun !

MOOR.

" (*Lost in contemplation.*) 'Tis thus the hero falls !—
" 'tis thus he dies—in godlike majesty !"

GRIMM.

" The sight affects you, sir."

MOOR.

" When I was yet a boy—a mere child—it was my fa-
" vorite thought—my wish to live like him—(*pointing to
" the sun*) like him to die ! 'Twas an idle thought, a
" boy's conceit."

GRIMM. " It was so."

MOOR.

" (*Pulling his hat over his eyes.*) There was a time—
" Leave me, my friends, alone"——

GRIMM.

" *Moor ! Moor !*———'Sdeath, how his countenance
" changes !"

MOOR.

" There was a time when I could not go to sleep, if I
" had forgot my prayers. Brother ! brother !" (*resting his head on Grimm's bosom.*)

GRIMM.

" Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you."

MOOR.

" A child ! oh that I were a child once more !"

GRIMM.

" Fy, fy ! Clear up that cloudy brow. Look yonder,
" what a landscape ! what a lovely evening !"

MOOR.

" Ay, my friend—that scene so noble ! this world so
" beautiful !"

GRIMM.

" Why that's talking like a man."

MOOR.

" This earth so grand—and I so hideous in this world
" of beauty !—and I a monster on this magnificent earth !
" the prodigal son !"

GRIMM.

" (*Affectionately.*) *Moor ! Moor !*"

MOOR.

" My innocence ! O my innocence !——See how all
" nature expands at the sweet breath of spring. O God !
" that this paradise—this heaven—should be a hell to me !
" When all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of peace—
" the world one family, and its Father there above—who
" is not my Father !—I alone the outcast—the prodigal
" son !—of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected !
" —the companion of murderers—of viperous fiends, bound
" down, enchained to guilt and horror !"

RAZMAN.

" 'Tis inconceivable. I never saw him thus moved be-
" fore."

MOOR.

" O ! that I could return once more into the womb that
" bare me ! that I hung an Infant on the breast ! that I
" were born a beggar.---The meanest kind---a peasant of
" the field ! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from
" my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep,
" the rapture of a single tear !"

GRIMM.

" (To the rest) Peace, O Peace !---the paroxism will
" soon be over."

MOOR.

" There was a time when I could weep with ease, O days
" of bliss !--Mansion of my fathers ! O vales so green and
" beautiful ! scenes of my infant years, enjoy'd by fond
" enthusiasm ! Will you no more return ? no more ex-
" hale your sweets to cool this burning bosom !---Oh
" never never shall they return--no more refresh this bosom
" with the breath of peace. They are gone ! gone forever!"

Callous and insensible must be his heart, who does not acknowledge by his feelings, the hand of a master in this affecting passage.---The pathos of it has never been excelled; and if he, who is in possession of the true knowledge of *Moor's* character, and his previous history, does not here pause, while Pity sheds the tear of sympathy; he is only worthy to labour with the beasts of the field for animal purposes merely.

It is not obvious for what purpose Moor next appears to us in the disguise of a stranger, at his Father's Castle.—His most solemn pledges were given to adhere to the band of Robbers 'till death;---They had given him the greatest possible proof of their attachment, by refusing a proffer'd pardon on condition of delivering him up;—His firm determination, sick as he was of the sanguinary life he led, was never to desert them.—Such a visit then; by once more exhibiting what sources of happiness he has forever lost, could only tend to excite additional regret and despair. The author has, however, gained one point, which still encreases his reputation, for a knowledge of the recesses of the heart. In the dialogue with *Amelia*, there are many exquisite touches of nature in her most genuine simplicity.

MOOR.

"Whose picture is that on the *right* hand? He has me-
"thinks a countenance that bespeaks misfortune."

AMELIA.

"The picture on the *left* is the Count's Son—he who is
"now master here."

MOOR.

"His only Son?

AMELIA.

"Come, come away.

MOOR.

"But whose picture is that on the *right* hand?

AMELIA.

"Wont you walk into the garden? come.

MOOR.

"But that picture on the *right* hand? you are in tears,
"*Amelia? (Amelia goes out with precipitation.)*

MOOR, *(alone.)*

"She loves me! loves me still! Her tears betray her!
"Yes she loves me!—O Heavens! Is that the couch on
"which we so oft' have sat.—Where I have hung in
"rapture on her neck? Are these my father's halls? O days
"of bliss for ever past! for ever! ah! how the dear re-
"membrance of those days shoots through my Soul, like
"the first burst of Spring! O wretch! here should have
"been my happy residence; here shouldst thou have
"past thy days--honoured.-respected—lov'd—here shoudst
"thou have seen the years of thy blest infancy revive in
"the blooming offspring of thy *Amelia*.

Quotations are generally tiresome; because it is supposed when a critical performance is read, that its object is either already known, or may be known.—I shall therefore forbear from adducing any more passages of this play, except what may be absolutely neceassry to illustrate my remarks.

The part of *Moor* is now drawing to a close; he discovers that his father is not dead, and learns the villainy of his brother.—Never was there a more highly coloured scene ever painted than this concluding one.—The celebrated final one in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* is not equal to it.—We are lost in the variety of images which seize upon our attention.—The mournful state of *Moor's* soul returning from the castle, the dead silence of the night; the Robbers extended around asleep, and the trembling voice of his aged father issuing from a gloomy dungeon; all cause a shuddering and horror that renders us feelingly alive to the solemn disclosure made by the aged *Count de Moor* of his misfortunes, and the solemn examination, and punishment of the treacherous and villainous *Francis*.

Horrible as is the catastrophe;—*Moor* with all his ferocity and inflexible sternness, appears with considerable dignity.—The filial tenderness to his father; the rapture with which he receives his blessing by stealth; the severe and stern deportment towards his guilty brother; and h s dignified manner towards the Robbers, who threatened to be mutinous, on his apparent affection for *Amelia*; which they dreaded would dissolve their solemn compact, all discover a consistent character, and an elevated mind. Tho' acting under the impression that he was decreed to be the chief of these foul Robbers, for the most bloody purposes, as the scourge of criminality: yet the enormities he was the cause of, harrass his conscience, he can never be happy, he devotes himself to death by surrendering himself to justice.—"The spirits of those I murdered in their sleep—
"or in the bed of love!—Hark yon dreadful explosion,
"which crush'd to death the mother and her infant! the
"flames which lick'd the cradles of the babes!—oh! *He*
"hath not forgotten—he knows to crave his debt—here is
"my doom and this my just reward! 'Tis retribution."

A character so important in this drama and so well executed as that of *Francis*, has great claim to particular attention. The author has at least equalled *Shakspear*; whether it is in *Richard*, or *Jago*. Indeed it resembles the former in so many particulars, that one would suppose, he had it constantly present to his mind whilst drawing it.

It unfortunately happens that the most consummate villains, have an intimate knowledge of the human heart :—They know how, and when, to excite its attention ; first by unaffected hints and surmises, to flatter its foibles or rouse its passions : They can always command these to their own advantage ; they can sever the most tender and rooted affections by the mysteries of their art : and produce many more direful consequences than if they were avowed and open assassins of humanity.

This monster's talent in this way, is displayed in numerous dialogues and actions. I think they are all masterpieces, and excite our strongest feelings of abhorrence and detestation for him, and compassion for the old *Count de Moor*, and *Amelia*. We tremble for the consequences when we read the portrait drawn by himself. I must again recall the reader's attention to the parable between it and *Richard's*, where he charges nature with his deformity.—After leading old *Moor* step by step, from the most doating fondness for *Charles*, to a determination to abandon him for ever ; he exclaims, as his father retires overwhelmed with grief and disappointment, whilst looking at him with an air of mockery—

" Ay be comforted, my good dotard ; never more shall " you press your darling to your bosom :—no, there is a " gulph between, distant as Heaven from Hell.

" These papers must not be seen—that might be dan- " gerous, if the hand writing were known. I should be " a pitiful bungler indeed if I knew not yet how to tear a " son from the heart of his father, were they linked toge- " with chains of iron. Courage my boy, the favorite's " removed :—that's a giant's step.—But there is another " heart from which I must tear that image ; ay were that " heart to break for it.—I have a heavy debt of hatred " against nature, and by my soul, I'll make it good !— " Why was that hideous burden of deformity laid upon " me alone ! *(stamps with his foot,)* Hell and dam- " nation ; on me alone of all my race ! she damn'd me " from my birth ! and here I swear eternal hatred against " her.—I'll blast her fairest works. What are to me the " ties of kindred ! I'll burst those bonds of the Soul.—I " never knew their force ; she denies me the sweet play of " the heart."

To such a wretch, the tortures of the feeling minds afford the most delicious repast ;—no epicure ever enjoyed half so much when gratified to his utmost extent :—selfish views predominate, and no attemps are too atrocious to prevent their accomplishment. *Francis* had succeeded in banishing his brother ;—the father was still in the way ; how to get rid of him in the most speedy manner is the question.—After a most diabolical calculation in his own mind upon the most effectual method, he resolves once more by deception to gain his point, and break his father's heart.—For this purpose, by flattering and stimulating the feelings of *Herman* ; he prevails upon him to detail the forged account of *Charles's* death to the old man ; as if occasioned by despair at his malediction.

The scene is highly interesting ; indeed it is scarcely possible to behold such a picture of distress with dry eyes.—It is needless, and would be tiresome to follow the actions of this wretch particularly throughout the whole play : he is a very prominent person ge and is always consistent, always a cold hearted, systematic villain.

As is the case perpaps with all villains of this discription, whose lives have been spent in defrauding and injuring innocence and virtue ; remorse and terror with slow, but steady pace, approach to embitter and destroy all their deceitful hopes of enjoyment.—*Buckingham* deserts his friend, and flies from his vengeance ;—for the tyrant, having succeeded by means of those abject instruments, begins to distrust and then puts them out of the way forever.—*Francis* is precisely a similar and as well drawn an example ; but destitute of courage, he is forced to coax and bribe, the others would have used violence.—If any preference can be given, I presume the character of *Francis* will have it ; as his vile and mean characteristicks, are by no means congenial with the nobleness of true courage.—Who does not remember the interesting camp scene prior to the battle of Bosworth field ? Let then a comparison be drawn between it, and the one where the robbers came to seize *Francis* ; and the latter will be found to possess equal merit. Restless, fearful of his own shadow, making frantic interrogations to his simple attendants, betraying thereby exactly what he wished to conceal ; and perpetually brooding over his atrocities ; discovers a mind unhinged and a prey to the most gloomy suggestions.—" My God," he exclaims, " I have been no common murderer," he wishes to pray, but acknowledges his incapacity : horrible as is his punishment, we feel a secret satisfaction at the destruction of a monster, undistinguished by one solitary good quality ;—we consider it as a just retribution for the misfortunes of those he has injured, and with whom we have already sympathized.

I have thus endeavoured to express my admiration, for this performance of *Schiller's*.—By the true criterions of judging, it should hold a high rank in the *Drama* ;—at least as it is understood by English tastes. That composition which wields at pleasure every emotion of the heart ; which rouses the passions and suffuses the eye with tears,

must be good.—Possessing merit of this description, we overlook faults which do not infringe upon the general effect and execution.—Was not this the case, what would become of many of *Shakspear's* best pieces? time and place seems to be almost always neglected in his performance; so they are in the *Robbers*. These according to the French models are heinous sins against propriety; but I have ever been of *Johnson's* opinion, that an attention to these is not essential, and that we can as easily conceive, a duration of more than a day and a change to remote places whilst we are looking on, as imagine the story or performance thus represented to us.—There is no more outrage against nature, or inconsistency in fancying the reality of the one, than of the other. The French writers are very correct in these minutiæ; but though I have read the master-pieces of Racine and Corneille; I confess I never felt the tranquility of my passions much disturbed.

The style of this play, though we can only judge of the translation, is simple and natural: turgid language, and bombastick expressions infallibly destroy the effect that would otherwise be produced by the Tragick tendency of the story.

The character of the old *Count de Moor* seems marked with too much weakness. Considering the general impression of *Francis's* bad character, and the consciousness of *Moor's* noble qualities, with the eager and interested manner betrayed by the former, whilst endeavouring to excite his prejudice and extort his malediction: his conduct must be pronounced too precipitate and void of judgment.

The conduct of *Moor*, notwithstanding the palliation made with much art, of misanthropy, fatalism, and remorse; is too extravagant.

It is not easy to conceive that a generous mind would deliberately destroy the innocent and unoffending, to gratify a revolted heart.—His assassination of *Amelia* appears cruel and unnecessary, and leaves an impression upon the mind of dissatisfaction, which might have been avoided.—These however do not affect our general interest in the production; whose merits throughout have been attempted to be illustrated. With what success, I leave others to determine.

THE HISTORY OF CYRILLO PADOVANO, THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.—AN EXTRACT.

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch, in reality, feels the various inconveniencies that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniencies of want and of poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua in Italy, a little, brown complexion'd man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead:

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo was at the university, where he shewed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossble, as he supposed, to execute.—Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy: but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying on his table, and, still more extraordinary! written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long; for in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, alighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world, and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole Convent, and to shew that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was

soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about ; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities. Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered. One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour ; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken ; then snapping his fingers, to shew he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff : not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted ; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some : he next very carefully put up his box again ; and looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable ; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations ; which so astonished and scandalized his brother Friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and in a little beaufet beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned.—Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged ; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments ; and finding that he could carry still more, he put on one or two more over each other ; and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell : there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his matrass, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed ; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there : he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A Lady, who had long been a benefactor to the convent, happening to die was desirous of being buried in the cloyster, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expences great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers on which were some rings cut off, and all her finery carried away. Every person in the Convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his matrass, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The Convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune ; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the Prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pericles has been recieved some time since, and would have been published before, but that we thought it too strongly and exclusively pointed at a particular place. On a subsequent perusal, we think, that with a little alteration it may be made to apply more generally. It shall therefore appear in our next.

We are much oblliged to *Yelse* for the interest he takes in the cause we have undertaken ; but the able assistance we have lately received, happily removes our cause of complaint, and renders the publication of his piece unnecessary.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following lines were written by a Lady of this state; and we believe, never published before.

TO LADY HARRIET ACKLAND, *on her coming into the* AMERICAN CAMP *to attend her wounded Husband.*

A sympathetic muse, illustrious Fair!
To thy soft sorrow pays a gentle tear;
Bright pattern of connubial truth! thy praise,
Insures some merit to my humble lays.
Fair Stranger, welcome to our western shore,
Tho' the same Bark rude war, and discord bore;
From purer passions beauteous *Ackland* came,
Than the fierce warrior's cruel thirst of fame:
From *Albion's* climes, impell'd by virtuous love,
O'er seas Atlantic fearless dar'd to rove;
In thy lov'd partner's dangerous toils to share,
To smile on woe, and smooth the face of war.
But ah! what sorrow to thy hope succeeds,
Thy lover by the chance of battle bleeds;
For *Mars* is deaf to pleading beauty's pray'rs,
Nor the dear Lover, nor fond Husband spares.
Yet Heaven indulgent, gives thy woes relief,
In fond attendance on thy wounded chief;
Sad luxury! which virtuous bosoms know,
When the heart melts with sympathetic woe.
Let *Ackland* triumph in his adverse fate,
See lovely *Harriet*! on his footsteps wait;
For foreign climes, the wounded, captive youth,
Exulting proves thy matchless love and truth:
Through hostile Camps the beauteous mourner goes,
For love is fearless of the fiercest foes,
And the stern warrior melts at Beauty's woes.
Methinks in Fancy's eye I view the fair,
Lovely in woe, exalted in dispair;
Near the sad couch where wounded friendship lies,
The pearly tear still trembling in her eyes,
She sits like Patience, with an Angel's smile,
That fain would seem her sorrow to beguile;
Suppress'd her sigh, her tender accents strive,
In her dear Lord to keep sweet hope alive,
Explore each wish, each rising murmur sooth,
With lenient love the bed of sickness smooth;
On her fond arm his fainting head sustain,
Or raised to heaven the pray'r ne'er breathed in vain;
The pray'r of virtuous Love—for with delight
Immortal powers will view the pious sight.
May hovering Angels catch thy virtuous tears,
Console thy sorrows, and dispel thy fears;
Health, and sweet Freedom, to thy love restore,
And safe conduct you to fair Albion's shore.
Ye generous Victors! your kind hearts, I trust,
Will be to worth and weeping beauty just;
The brave are gentle, and the helpless fair,
Still claim from warriors a peculiar care:
May this fair stranger's grateful tongue proclaim,
To hostile climes your spotless, better fame;
The fame which on humanity attends,
And far the boast of warlike deed transcends:
A brighter wreath sweet mercy's sons shall wear
Than e'er was won by valour's crimson spear.
Oh! soon may peace this cruel contest end,
Each country's right in lasting union blend;
So hostile fleets no more the seas shall sweep,
To bear Britania's thunder o'er the deep
To wound her sons; nor shall her daughters mourn
For their dear Lover's from their bosoms torn.
Daughters of *Albion*, let your prayers arise,
To waft this joint petition to the skies.

November 3d, 1777. ALMIRA.

TO EMMA.

May this be the last kiss I ever shall take,
This morning the last that my fancy shall wake;
Ye Blisses adieu, that those lips now partake,
If ever I prove false to thee!
No more shall the lute wake the bosom to love,
No more shall the linnet delight in the grove;
Or cheer my lone steps as I carelessly rove,
If ever I prove false to thee!
May the sun beams of hope, sink to darkness and rest,
May thy fond little image withdraw from my breast,
And ne'er on this bosom be sweetly caress'd,
If ever I prove false to thee; ALONZO.

Somebody tells, no matter who;
The story's all the same to you,
That *Cromwell* lik'd his glass;
Protector of the Commonweal,
He 'gan for Church to slack his zeal,
And jovial hours to pass.

One day at table quite content,
While round the bottle quickly went,
In glee he call'd for more;
But e'er the stubborn Cork he drew,
He careless chanc'd to drop the screw
Some where upon the floor.

Meanwhile a formal deputation
He heard was sent him by the nation,
Who for an audience prays;
But in cant terms he sent them word,
He had retired to seek the Lord,
So beg'd they'd go their ways.

Soon as the dupes their backs had turned,
The Hypocrite quite unconcerned,
Held up the thing to view;
Those fools says he, ne'er doubt my word,
They thought me seeking for the Lord,
Whereas 'twas this *Cork-screw*.

SOLILOQUY.

If with our infancy misfortune springs,
If youth and manhood are such wretched things,
And age begets from knowledge pointed stings;

Why should I grieve to live a life of woe,
To shun the cause, whence all my evils flow,
And rest in peace among the dead below?

But, if I am so very fond of *life*,
Where pain and disappointments are so rife;
Successive labour and perpetual strife;

Why should I dread to meet my coming fate?
Since death, which ends my cares, is but a gate
To *life* immortal, and a blissful state. TEENS